

No. 8 — OCT. 16

BULLETMAN

THE FLYING DETECTIVE

A FANTASY PUBLICATION

10¢



BULLETMAN
AND
BULLETGIRL

BATTLE
A NEW, BRAZEN
CRIME KING—

MR. EGO!

SEE PAGE 4

**A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR
THE BATTLE OF THE
CENTURY!**

*Featuring CAPT. MARVEL, JR.
World's Mightiest Boy!*

VS.

WHO

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THE LATEST ISSUE OF
MASTER COMICS**

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BULLETMAN

THE FLYING DETECTIVE



A GUNNED
BULLETS
BANGED

WITH A BANG, CUTS
A BROAD SWATH OF
CRIME THROUGH THE
CITY, DISSEMINATING
THE ALL THE POWER OF
LAW AND ORDER WITH AN
UNBENT SELF-CONFIDENCE
BULLETMAN AND BULLET
WILL CLASH WITH THE
DANGEROUS CRIMINALS OF
THEM ALL AS THEY FACE
UP THE TROOP OF

**MR.
EGO!!!**

IN AN UNDERGROUND
DEN OF SIN, ASSIGNED
CRIMINALS WATCH A
DOWNEY

NOW LISTEN, MURDER,
THREATS, AND THE COMMON
DANGER OF THE
NATIONAL BANK!



GOT SUDDENLY A BOLD
STRANGER STOOD FROM
A DANGEROUS CORNER
OF THE ROOM.

STAND
TODAY
COMMON
TALK,
STAY
ARISE!

HON'T
BAY, AND
ARE
YOU?







BUT BEFORE BULLETMAN AND BULLETHORN CAN ACT, THE MAGNATY AND EGG STRIKES AND A QUANT MAGNETIC CRANE SPRINGS INTO ACTION.

BULLETMAN,
LOOK! THAT
HUGE CRANE!

IT'S CARRYING
OFF THE
ARMORED
CAR!

QUICK, MR.
EGG,
PROBABLY
AT THE
CONTROLS!

HA, HA, YOU
FLYING FOOL!
DO YOU THINK
YOU CAN STOP
ME?

THROW OF THE CONTROLS AND
THE QUANTIC ARM OF THE CRANE
HURLES STRAIGHT FOR
BULLETHORN!

BULLETHORN!
LOOK OUT!

OOOF!

WHUNK!

THE GRANTY HELMET BOUNDED
OFF, BULLETHORN FALLS
HELPLESSLY!

NO TIME TO
GO FOR MR.
AND "MAG".
I'VE GOT TO
SAVE JESS!

HA, HA,
SAVE HIM
IF
YOU
CAN!



MEANWHILE MR EGO ENJOYS THE STOLEN ARMORED CAR TO A NEARBY ELEVATED HIGHWAY, WHERE HIS HENCHMEN ARE WAITING.

THAT MR EGO SURE PICKED THE CORN ON THIS JOB!

YEAH, EVERYTHING WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK!



MR EGO MAKES HIS ESCAPE ACROSS THE CRANE ARM.

IT WAS ALL SO SIMPLE - THE WAY I PLANNED IT.

HA, FOOLISH POLICE, NOBODY CAN STOP ME! I AM MR. EGO!



GLAD IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE STOLEN ARMORED CAR IS SWALLOWED UP IN THE MILLING TRAFFIC OF THE HIGHWAY.

HA, HA, HOW EASY IT WAS FOR ME TO FOOL THOSE POLICE!

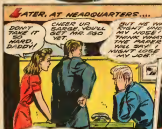




BULLETMAN,
THINK
GOODNESS
YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT!

OWWWW!
MY HEAD!
WHAT A
BOKE!

MR. EGG FREAKED, AND
WELL, HE'D BETTER
GET BACK TO
SERGEANT WENT
BEFORE HE HIDES
-JIM BOOR AND
SUEAN.



DON'T
TAKE IT
SO
HARD,
DADDY!

CHEER UP
SARGE, YOU'LL
GET MR. EGG
YET.

BUT HE WAS
RIGHT UNDER
MY NOSE!
THINK WHAT
THE PAPER'S
WILL SAY! I
MIGHT LOSE
MY JOB!



HERE'S YOUR CUT,
BOY. IF, OF COURSE,
KEEP THE
SUGGEST
SARGE!

THINKS,
BOSS,
MIGHT'S
NEXT ON
OUR
SCHEDULE?



MY SCHEDULE, YOU
IDOT! TUNE THE
BROADCASTING SET
TO THE POLICE
WAVELENGTH.

OWWWW!
SUEAN, BOSS,
SORRY,
BOSS!



CALLING ALL CARS!
CALLING ALL CARS!
THIS IS MR. EGG
SPEAKING!



But LATE THAT NIGHT WHEN A BIG WINDY TIDE RAN WATER-FRONT, THE TIDE BOES OUT AND A DARKENED CRAFT APPROACHED THE WAREHOUSE.



... FROM BENEATH THE FIRST LAYER OF GUSTEN-ING TROOPS AND THE FLASHING FORMS OF BULLETMAN AND BULLETOURL!

LOOK!



OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE THE POLICE HEAR THE COMBINATION!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE???

QUICK! OPEN THE DOOR! SOMEBODY'S LOST MR. EDD AND HIS MOBE!

Just AS THE GIANT DOORS TO THE WAREHOUSE ARE SHUING SHACK, THE DELIVERATE MR. EDD MAKES A DASH FOR FREEDOM!

WHAT DOES ON... HEY!

OUT OF MY WAY, COMERS! MR. EDD IS COMING THROUGH!

BULLETMAN AND BULLETDOLL ARE ONE IN SWIFT PURSUIT, BUT...

IT WAS EDD, AND HE'S FREE...
OOOOF!

HURRY, BULLETDOLL - OPEN!

BULLETMAN!

SERGEANT KENT!

SAID ONE OF CRIME FIGHTERS!

ZONE

WHAT HAPPENED, ANYWAY?

MAYBE THOSE THREE IN THE WAREHOUSE CAN EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, SERGEANT!

HEY! DON'T GO!

NEXT DAY, AN ENRAGED MR. EGO GATHERS THE REMNANTS OF HIS GANG AROUND HIM.

I MUST GET RID OF THAT BULLETHAN! BUT HOW??
HAAAA... HE SEEMS TO BE HELPLESS WITHOUT THAT ASSISTANT OF HIS AAAH!



SAY, BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU...
OWWWW!

QUIET, STUPID, I DO THE THINKING AROUND HERE!



AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

SERGEANT HUNT, QUICK! YOU MUST DO SOMETHING! YOU MUST HELP ME!

HERE, SIR, YOU'VE SEEMED TO BE THE PROBLEM

I JUST RECEIVED THIS NOTE... FROM MR. EGO!



Mr. Northampton!
This afternoon I
will kidnap your
son on his way
home from school.
Notify the police if
they won't be
any help to you
I can guarantee
that
Mr. Ego!

NOW DON'T WORRY
A BIT, MR. WORTH-
INGTON. YOUR
SON WILL BE
ALL RIGHT I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
THIS, PERSONALLY!

THANK
HEAVENS!



THAT AFTERNOON, AS LITTLE JIMMY HORTONSTON COMES OUT OF SCHOOL, A DETAIL OF POLICE LED BY SERGEANT KENTY HEREBE FORMS A BODYGUARD AROUND HIM.



SAY, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHY ARE YOU GUARDING ME?

YOUR FATHER RECEIVED A KIDNAP THREAT. WE'RE TO SEE THAT YOU GET HOME SAFELY!



OH BOY, THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, AS SOON AS I GET A BAG OF POPCORN!

HEY, COME BACK HERE!



SAY YOU'RE NOT THE REGULAR POPCORN MAN, WHERE'S TONY TODAY?

HE'S BACK! I TOLD HERB HIS PLACE!

NEVER MIND THAT STUFF, YOU STICK WITH US SO YOU'LL BE SAFE.



UNWELL, THIS IS GOOD! I WON'T SIGN, OFFICER!

NO THANKS, COME ALONG, WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU HOME.



SUDDENLY...

OWWWW! MY STOMACH!

WHAT THE??

CALL THE AMBULANCE QUICK! THE BOY'S GOT APPENDICITIS!

O-N-N-N!



NO SMOKING



HELLO? HELLO? SEND THE AMBULANCE OVER TO 2349 ON THE DOUBLE, A BOY'S GOT APPENDICITIS!

44 MINUTES LATER, THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES!

WE'LL BRING MR. EGG TO THE HOSPITAL, SERGEANT!

AT LEAST HE'LL BE SAFE FROM MR. EGG THERE. COME ON, LET'S GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!





SMART GIRL! BUT
COME ON! MR. EGG'S
GOING TO RIDE
THE DAMN
EXPRESS HE
MUST STOP
HIM!



MEANWHILE, WITH MR. EGG AND
HIS GANG!

THIS WILL MAKE THIS
WHOLE TOWN OF HELL AND
A POWERFUL ACID, AND WHEN
WE BLOW IT UP... BUT, QUICK,
HERE COMES THE
EXPRESS!



A MINUTE LATER,
AS THE
CRACK-BUZZ
BOMBERS RANTLES
BUST THE WATER
TOWER....

...AN EVIL WHITE-
GLOVED HAND SETS
OFF A THUNDERING
CHARGE OF DYNAMITE!

AND THE GIANT WATER
TOWER BLASTS A TREMEN-
DOUS TORRENT OF POWER-
FUL ACID ON THE SPEEDING
LOCOMOTIVE BELOW!



IN A FLASH THE ACID EATS THE
ENGINE'S GREAT BULVER CHURN
TANK AND THE ENTIRE TRAIN
CRASHES IN A THUNDEROUS
NOISE!

LEAVING A MESS OF
TYRHOOD-SMATTERED
WRECKAGE!

O.K. MEN,
COLLECT THAT
PLATINUM!







DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE PLUNGES TOWARD THE RIVER.



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF MR. EGG. I WANT TO THANK YOU TWO FOR THE SMALL... HEY! WAIT!

SO LONG, SERGEANT! SEE YOU LATER!



BULLETMAN AND SERGEANT GAVE AGAIN, BUT



**YOU'VE HEARD
HIM ON THE
RADIO!**

**YOU'VE
WATCHED
HIM IN THE
MOVIES!**



NOW You Can
See Him in His Own
Comics Magazine
CAPT. MIDNIGHT!
America's Flying
Hero, Leader of
the Secret Squadron
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Adventurous,
Exciting!
DON'T MISS IT!

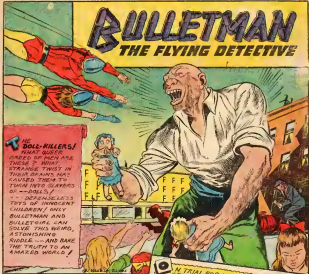
**CAPTAIN
MIDNIGHT**

**GET IT AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND TODAY**

IOC

BULLETMAN

THE FLYING DETECTIVE



THE DOLL-KILLERS!

WHAT queer
breed of men are
these? What
strange twist in
their brains has
caused them to
turn into slayers
of -- dolls?

-- defenseless
toys of innocent
children! Only
BULLETMAN AND
BULLETGIRL CAN
SOLVE THIS WEIRD,
ASTONISHING
RIDDLE -- AND BARE
THE TRUTH TO AN
AMAZED WORLD!



IN TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE, THE NOTORIOUS
CRIMINAL KNOWN AS THE DIME
PLAYS A DANGEROUS GAME AND
FEIGNS INSANITY!

YOUR HONOR,
THERE'S
SOMETHING --
WRONG WITH
MIM!

HEE HEE!
AIN'T DIME
PRETTY?
HEE HEE
SO PRETTY!

HOPE DIME
FALL FOR
DIME!







NO, USING HIS ABNORMALLY STRONG HEAD, THE BOMB LITERALLY CRASHES OUT OF THE PRISON HOSPITAL!



OUTSIDE --- SERGEANT KENT BRINGS HIS TWO ASSISTANTS TO THE HOSPITAL!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, JIM AND SUSAN SECRETLY TRANSFORM THEMSELVES INTO MIGHTY BULLETMAN AND BULLET-GIRL!





A 3 SHADOWS BEHEEN, THE TWO
HUMAN BULLETS GIVE UP THE
SEARCH AND HEAD FOR HOME!

IT'S NO USE, WE
CAN'T FIND HIM
IN THIS DARK!

AND ANYWAY HE
BETTER REPORT
BACK TO DAD, BE-
FORE HE BEGINS
WAGGING ABOUT
US, JIM!



--- IS FIND DUN MAMA
DOLL WIT' DUN BLUE
DRESS! COME ON,
LET'S GET GOIN'!

OKAY,
DOME --
LEAD DE
WAY!



B UT THE DOME IS VERY MUCH ALIVE -- AND
UP TO SOMETHING!

HAW-HAW! LUCKY FOR
ME I LANDED ON MY HEAD!
DOSE GUILTY-DEEDERS
ALMOST HAD ME! NOW, ALL
WE GOTTA DO--



A MAMA DOLL IN A BLUE DRESS! -- A
STRANGER QUEST FOR PLUS-USUES LIKE
THE DOME, AND HIS CROOKED GANG!



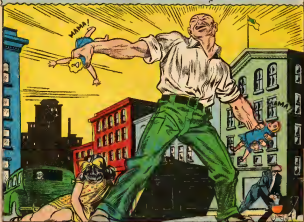


**IF INNOCENT CHILD SUFFERS--
AS THE BRUTAL GANG MOVES
ON TO ITS NEXT VICTIM!**





AND THUS BEGINS A CRIME WAVE UNEQUALLED IN THE ANNALS OF HUMAN CRIMINALITY! -- A SUCCESSION OF **DOLL-MURDERS!** A BRUTAL, WANTON AND WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF CHILDHOOD'S MOST BELOVED TOY ATTENDED BY RUTHLESS KILLINGS OF INNOCENT BYSTANDERS -- FOR **THE DOLL** STOPS AT NOTHING TO GAIN HIS ENDS! AND WHAT IS THAT END? -- A LITTLE MAMA DOLL IN A BLUE DRESS! IT IS UNCONCEIVABLE -- YET TRUE! WHAT CAN BE THE STRANGE ANSWER TO ALL THIS?



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, JIM BARR AND SUSAN WENT TO DISCUSS THE MYSTERIOUS 'DOLL-SLAYING'S!

THESE STRANGE DOLL-BRUIERS, JIM! -- WHAT CAN THE 'GROSS' BE AFTER?

I DON'T KNOW, SUSAN! BUT THEY MUST BE STOPPED! THEY'RE A MENACE TO EVERY CHILD IN THE COMMUNITY!



...AND NEXT DAY -- AN AD IN THE MORNING GAZETTE!



JIM GETS AN IDEA!

YES, JIM! BUT HOW CAN WE STOP THEM? -- WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM!

HAHA! I'VE GOT AN IDEA, SUSAN! MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO FIND THEM -- MAYBE THEY'LL FIND US! -- IT'S WORTH A TRY ANYHOW!



THE AD DRAWS A CUSTOMER!

HERE'S 203 CLANCY STREET! -- CHOO, YOU MUGS!

WE'RE BOUND TO HIT OUR RIGHT DOLL HERE, BOSS!



HELLO, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

TROT OUT ALL TEN DOLLS, SIS! 'CAUSE -- HEY! WHAT'S HIS? HIS STARD'S EMPTY!

OH, NO IT'S NOT, SOME! -- BULLETMAN IS HERE!

-- AND BULLETMAN, YOU DOPE! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN NANTELUSS -- WAS BULLETMAN BACKWARDS!

SON BULLET-DEEDERS!





HEY, BOSS--
AIN'T WE GONNA
BUMP DESE TWO
OFF?

HAW, I GOT A
BETTER WAY!
WE'LL FIX IT SO
DESE TWO SMART
ALECKS BUMP
EACH OTHER OFF!
-- IT'LL BE
TERRIFIC!

AND--ER--TANKS FER
GIVIN' ME AN IDEA, FALS!
NOW I THINK I KNOW WHERE
TO FIND OUR RIGHT GOLL!
HAW HAW!

HE DONE'S WAY-- TWO NOOSES LINKED
OVER THE CHANDILLER SO THAT IF EITHER
OF HIS VICTIMS FALLS OR JUMPS FROM HIS
CHAIR-- HE HANGS THE OTHER ONE!--
A SHOCKING TRICK!

SO LONG, FALS!
SEE IF YUH C'N GET
OUTA DIS ONE!

YOU
KILLER!

ALONE-- BUT IN DIRE PERIL!

THE
FIEND I HE
KNOWS THAT ONE
OF US IS GONNA TO
GET FIRED SOON!

... AND FALL OFF THE
CHAIR-- AND HANG
THE OTHER! OH,
BULLETMAN, WE'VE
GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



IN THE MINUTES GO-BY...

BULLETMAN,
I'M GETTING
TIRED! I CAN'T
HOLD OUT MUCH
LONGER!

NEITHER CAN
I! THERE MUST
BE SOME WAY
--- WAIT!
MAYBE THIS
IS IT!



THAT CHANDLER
BULLETMAN---IT
DOESN'T LOOK
FOR STRONG!
MAYBE IF WE
BOTH JUMPED
TOGETHER---

---WE MIGHT
PULL IT
DOWN!
BULLETMAN,
LET'S
TRY IT!

ALL RIGHT --
ONE -- TWO --

CRACK!

IT CAME DOWN
ALL RIGHT!
--- LUCKY FOR
US!

YES --
OR WE'D BOTH
STILL BE UP
THERE! HERE'S
YOUR HELMET,
BULLETMAN!



-- THREE!

LIKE TWO AVENGING ANGELS, MIGHTY
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL TAKE
UP THE TRAIL AGAIN!

NOW TO FIND THE DOME
--- AND SETTLE THE ACCOUNTS
WITH HIM!

RIGHT,
BULLETMAN!



-- AND MEANWHILE --

I GOT A HUNCH HIS TIME
WE CAME TO BUY RIGHT
PLACE!







...BA ON THE CHIN? --
I THOUGHT YOU
COULDN'T!

THE STORE CLERK
TAKES A HAND!

THE IRONIC END OF THE DANCE
LEADS SEARCH!

YOU CROOK! I'LL TEACH
YOU TO LOOT MY STORE!
-- GOSHNESS! WHY IS
THIS?

A NECKLACE! A
DIAMOND NECKLACE
WAS IN THAT DOLL!
THE DANCE
HAD SO MUCH TO
DO TO FIND A CERTAIN
DOLL! IT GOSHNESS
TO MAKE SENSE!

AND HERE'S THE
REST OF THE GANG,
BULLETMAN!
THEY WEREN'T
MUCH TROUBLE!

1 AFTER... AFTER THE NECKLACE IS
RETURNED AND THE DANCE IS IN JAIL!

GOOD WORK,
BULLETMAN!
TWO FINISHES UP
THE CASE OF THE
MURDEROUS
DOLL-KILLERS!

SO THE DANCE HID THE
NECKLACE IN THE DOLL
WHEN HE WAS TRAPPED
BY THE POLICE, EH,
JIM?

THAT'S RIGHT,
BULLETMAN! WE
THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE A
SAFE PLACE TO
HIDE IT -- BUT
HE FORGOT TO
MARK THE DOLL
A LITTLE BETTER
-- BUT IT TURNED
OUT TO BE A BIG
ONE!

16 OUTWITTED, SEE BULLETMAN AND
BULLETMAN EVERY MONTH IN
MASTER COMICS!

**GIANT SIZE!
GIANT THRILLS!**

**IN THE
BIGGEST
THING IN
COMICS!**



**AT YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
NOW!**

**It's GIFT COMICS, with
ALL YOUR FAVORITE HEROES IN
324 PAGES OF GREAT ACTION
STORIES! DON'T MISS IT!
GIFT COMICS**



"A CONCENTRATION CAMP IS WHERE THE NAZIS PUT THOSE PEOPLE WHO HAVE REUSE ENOUGH TO SEE THROUGH THEM. IT'S AT ONE OF THESE CAMPS THAT OUR STORY BEGINS..."





"V-31 WAS THE IDENTIFICATION NUMBER ON THE COLLAR OF THE NAZI LIEUTENANT...THE MURDER VICTIM, SAM SCHWARTZ, DIDN'T KNOW THE OFFICER BY NAME, BUT ONLY BY HIS IDENTIFICATION NUMBER..."



THE NEXT NIGHT...THE NAZI
LEUTENANT SLEPT UNHAPPY.



AND SO THE NEXT DAY...IN
THE PRISONER'S QUARTERS...







MEANWHILE, THE PRISONERS WERE MAKING THEIR ESCAPE TO THE AIRPORT...



AND AFTER A SHORT FIGHT, THE PRISONERS CAPTURED THE AIRPLANES AND MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE...



AND BACK AT THE CONCENTRATION CAMP...

THE BOOLS! THEY DO NOT BELIEVE I AM THE LIEUTENANT. I'LL STOP DOT MACHINE-GUNNER MYSELF!



AMM! / DEE IZ NOBODY SHOOTING DER MACHINE-GUN!



DIE GREENADE VILL STOP IT?



LIND STILL IT SHOOTIS?



IT MUST BE DA, WHO... NO, NO! DON'T POINT IT AT ME!



ANOTHER SHORT STORY? YES - IN NEXT MONTH'S BULLETMAN

HERE'S NEWS!

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**BE SURE TO GET
CAPTAIN MARVEL
ADVENTURES**

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

SWAMP GAME

BY
DOUGLAS
MANN

The bite of a mosquito is sometimes nightier than the sword!

HAL TRUMAN strode into the town police office. "You want to see me, Chief?" he said, frowning.

Old Marmon glared up. "Yeah. Sit down," he said curtly. Schwelling around, he levelled a finger. "See here, Truman," he growled, "where you been? I got you appointed game warden, but I never can find you!"

Truman's sun-burned face hardened. He said quietly, "I've just covered a hundred miles of back country."

"But you haven't been down to Gurley's like I told you."

"Not yet," admitted Truman. "Well you better get down there—now! There's been more shooting in that Black Swamp section—near Gurley's shack. He's probably killing birds out of season again and I want to talk with that guy."

"How do you know it's 'why'?"

"I don't those bank bendin'!" roared the police chief. "They couldn't last a night in that Swamp—not with those bull swamp-men!"

"No trace of them yet?"

"—as a duel! All we know clear was two men in a car."

"Lot of money for the bank to lose," said Truman rising. "I'll see what Gurley's up to."

"Bring him back here, but watch yourself. That swamp buxard is a mean customer!"

Truman hurried down to the stable where he kept his saddle horse. On the narrow back roads of the low-land country, he could cover his territory easier with horse than by car.

He followed the hot dusty highway out of town a ways and reined into a small shadowed road that skirted the edge of Black Swamp.

Suddenly the imprint of tire tracks in the soft muddy road caught his eye and he frowned. Cars never travelled that road. There was no way of turning around or getting back.

He motored along, following the tracks until they suddenly veered from the road toward the swamp. Truman stared down hard and a queer chill ran up his back. Beyond the road edge was only an open expanse of backish water.

He leaned from the saddle and peered down into the murky depths when a sharp report shattered the silence. A bullet whined over his head, clipping leaves on its murderous flight.

The horse reared in fright and headed back along the road. Truman pulled hard on the reins.

"Easy, girl! I don't like it any more than you!"

HE CANTERED along, eyes alert, until he saw Gurley's clearing ahead. The swamp hermit's shack sat back on a knoll away from the road. From there, the road narrowed into a path that led through the middle of the swamp, but there were few who dared use the path.

He led his horse into a grove hidden from the shack. Circling the ground behind it, he listened carefully, but heard no one moving.

Moving quietly through the woods, he suddenly parted branches to find himself staring at a door that led into a mound of earth and stones. He approached softly, pushed open the door and stopped dead.

Suspended from a beam in the cave were three pheasants. He started in when a noise behind whirled him around. The black-bearded Gurley stood glaring at him awily.

"Snoopin' around, marsh warden, huh?" snarled the swamp man.

"You're under arrest, Gurley!" snapped Truman. "Shooting pheasants out of season in this state is a prison term!"

"You ain't arrestin' nobody!" sneered Gurley whipping out a gun. "Put up yer hands! I shoulda finished ya back then in the road!"

Truman's arms rose slowly. But swift as light he suddenly ducked and dove for Gurley's knees. The gun soared over his back as he hit Gurley hard.

The swamp hermit toppled backward and Truman jumped to his feet. His hands fastened on Gurley's wrists and he wrenching the gun loose.

But Gurley was like a cat. He sprang to his feet as Hal dove for the gun. A rock flashed through the air and thudded crunchingly against Truman's head. Truman slumped to the ground.

Minutes later, when he came to, he was lying outside Gurley's shack, bound hand and foot. His head throbbled like a trip-hammer. The bearded Gurley snarled from his shack and looked down at him.

"I'll take care o' you when I git back!" growled Gurley. "An' there won't be no evidence left neither!"

GURLEY TRUDGED back to the shack. Shortly Truman heard the back door slam. Zaidin' himself, he saw Gurley hurrying down toward the swamp path in the growing darkness. He carried a knapsack and the three pheasants were slung over his shoulder.

Straining fiercely at his lashed hands, Truman glared around frantically. A piece of jagged glass pried from the ground near the shack. He stretched out and rolled up to it.

Hiding the glass between his feet, he sawed at the ropes on his wrists. They gave and he quickly ripped his ankle bands off.

He sprinted down toward the footpath, yanking out the mosquito coil. He slapped some over him, then bent low to follow the trail. It was a dangerous undertaking without a light, but he knew Gurley was hiding in here to prevent arrest.

He lost his footing twice. Unseen brush clawed at his face and hands. But he felt his way along until a shaft of light filtered through the darkness ahead. The dim outline of a cabin stood before him.

Suddenly voices came to him. He stared, puzzled, Unminded of the swarms of mosquitoes around him, he approached softly to one of the heavily netted windows.

Seated at a table pushed near the window, were two unshaven men. Truman had spread out a loaf of bread and a jar of jam, and the two men, gun holsters strapped to their bodies, were wolfing the food down. A black bag rested on the table close to the window.

Truman heard Gurley growl. "I gotta leave these birds here. Them 'troopers' warden spotted 'em—and yer car, I think."

One of the men started and whipped out his gun. "Did he follow you?"

"Naw! I got him tied up. I'll be him good later!"

"How long we gotta hole up in this buggy joint?" growled the other man. "These mosquitoes'll drive me nuts!"

"Just tonight. I figure they won't be searching cars tomorrow. I'll be back in the mornin'." He sure you keep that nettle right over them windows."

"You take care of that warden, Gurley," warned one of them, "or else!"

Suddenly it dawned on Truman as he peered at the black bag. These were the bandits who'd held up the bank! Gurley was hiding them until the heat cooled off.

From close to a crevice until Gurley slouched by and headed back through the swamp. Waiting until Gurley's footprints died away, he stole close to the window his mind working fast.

THE BAG was within hand's reach, but they were both armed. Yet he had to act quick before Gurley found he'd gotten free.

Truman glanced at the netting tacked loosely to the window. It was the same on both. He peered hard at the table of food and suddenly a tight smile flared over his face.

A little later, as he raced madly back along the swamp path, a shot rang out behind him. Another blast followed it. He stumbled and fell, a dull pain knifing his leg.

Slimy water closed over him, but he struggled back to safety. He groped through dense brush, pushing his way blindly. Gurley, he knew, would be waiting for him somewhere, but he hurried on.

He reached the clearing and sank down, gasping. In the darkness he made out Gurley's cabin. Perhaps he could sneak by it and make the road.

He rose unsteadily, but a rustle behind whirled him around. He felt something settle over his head, and a wire noose drew tight around his neck.

"You won't get away this time!" snarled Gurley as he pulled savagely on the noose.

Truman's fingers flashed frantically at the wire. His breath choked off, he flailed out wildly with one fist. Gurley grunted and reeled back, but lunged forward again.

The noose slowly strangling him, Truman fought with fierce ferocity. He felt his knees wobble when lightning beams stabbed the darkness near Gurley's shack and swept down over them.

Gurley let go the noose and grabbed out a gun. A heavy object in Truman's hand crashed down on Gurley's wrist. Gurley cursed, diving for the swamp. But Truman kicked out with one leg and Gurley sprawled flat.

"Stay right there, Gurley! Take care of him boys!" barked Chief Marmon and two lanky troopers clamped big hands on Gurley.

"Who told you guys to come down here?" growled Gurley.

"My horse, probably!" said Truman, rubbing his neck. "She doesn't like gun fire. The second time you shot at me, she lit out for the stable!"

"The second time!" Marmon exclaimed. "Say, what's going on here, Truman?"

"Plenty!" said Truman. "Gurley's been hiding those two bank bandits in his swamp cabin. Their car's stuck back there by the road!"

"What?" roared Marmon. "That's why we couldn't trace it. Come on—let's go in there and get them!"

"No need to, Chief!" said Truman with a queer smile. "Put out your light and wait a minute!"

IT WAS LESS than a minute when they saw a light bobbing toward them from the swamp blackness. Agonized cries floated to them.

Marmon and the two troopers waited jointly. The two men stumbled from the path. Marmon's powerful light blinded them and the troopers pointed on them.

One of the bandits, his face swollen hideously, suddenly glimpsed Gurley. "You dirty, double-crossing swamp rat!" he screamed. "I'll get you for this!"

"Me!" croaked Gurley. "I ain't done nothin'!"

"Not much! You didn't think we could get out, huh! You took that jam and smeared it all over the windows, and you slipped off that netting so's the mosquitoes would get us! Well, you won't get that dough, Gurley! I'll—"

"Don't blame Gurley!" chuckled Truman. "That was the only way I could get that money and get you two out of there! Here's the bank money, Chief!"

Marmon blinked at the bag Truman tossed him. "For a game warden, you make a good detective, Son!" he smiled. "All right, boys, take those two. I'll take Gurley!"

"No, you won't!" said Truman quickly. "I came down to get Gurley and I'm taking Gurley back!"

The End

BULLETMAN

THE FLYING DETECTIVE



THE DUDE IS DEAD! AN ENTIRE CITY BREATHED EASIER AS HEADLINES SHOUTED THE NEWS THAT BULLETMAN HAD VAN - QUISHED THE BEAU BRUMMEL OF CRIME! BUT THE DUDE WAS NOT DEAD - AND NOW BULLETMAN AND BULLETSIDE MUST FACE AND FIGHT AGAIN THE INEVITABLE OF THE MAN WHO IS DRESSED TO KILL!

GEE! I READ THE DUDE GOT KILLED IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM!!

THANKS FOR THE KIND THOUGHTS, SLINKY!!

CRIPES! IT'S... IT'S TH' GHOST OF THE DUDE!

NO, SLINKY- I'M ALIVE, BUT MY CLOTHES ARE ALL DIRTY AND I KINDA NEED A SHATE -

OKAY DUDE, THE MIRRORS YOURS!! GOT ANY PLANS...

PLANS? WELL - FOR THE FIRST TIME

I'VE NOTICED HOW MANY TALK THIS TOWN HAS... AND IT'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!!



AND THAT NIGHT... AS A TRUCK OF THE EATON GASOLINE COMPANY RUMBLES ALONG A RIBBON HIGHWAY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUDDY?

PEOPLE CALL ME... THE DUDE! I'D LIKE TO CHECK MY WATCH WITH YOURS!

LOOK! THAT EMERGENCY LANTERN! MUST BE TROUBLE AHEAD!

OF ALL THE NERVE! WHY... I... OUGHTTA...

OHHHH!

THAT WAS SLICK, MISTER DUDE!

THANKS, SLINKY... NOW ROLL THE TRUCK TO THE MILL SO WE CAN Siphon OUT THE GASOLINE!

BUT... EVEN AS THE DRIVER SPEAKS... A DEADLY DART FLASHES FROM THE DUDE'S WATCH... AND...

THE TRUCK DRIVER LEAPS OUT AFTER BRAKING THE HUGE VEHICLE TO A SHUDDERING STOP... AND....

THE NEXT NIGHT!

G-GOSH! THAT FOOL'S ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD! GOTTA BRAKE FAST!!!

WHAT'S THE IDEA... SAY! IT... IT'S A MIRROR!

GOT A CIGARETTE?

WHO SAID... HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

AAGGH!

GET TO WORK, SLINKY... WE'VE DONE FOR!!

AND ANOTHER DART SHOOTS FORWARD!

HOURS LATER... AT THE OFFICE OF THE BROWN TAXICAB COMPANY...

BAH! WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MEN CALL ME THE DUDE, MR. BROWN... AND I'M HERE TO SELL YOU THE GASOLINE YOU NEED!

I DON'T CARE IF YOUR TRUCK'S DISAPPEARED AND EATON! SEND OUT MORE... BECAUSE LACK OF GAS DELIVERIES IS KEEPING MY CABS OFF THE STREET! GOOD-BYE NOW---I HAVE A CALLER!

MEANWHILE AT THE POLICE STATION, JIM BARR, LABORATORY TECHNICIAN, AND SUSAN KENT---IN REALITY BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL---GAZE AT TRIVIAL EVIDENCE OF DEATH!!

SUSAN... THESE DARTS TAKEN FROM THE DEAD EATON CO. TRUCKDRIVERS MEAN ONLY ONE THING!!

BUT JIM, YOU CAN'T MEAN...

YES! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED... BUT ONLY ONE MAN USES SUCH HORRIBLE WAYS OF KILLING! THE DUDE!!

MINUTES LATER... TWO LITTLE FIGURES TOOM INTO THE AIR!

WHAT'S THE FIRST STOP BULLETMAN?

BE SMART, MR. EATON! I'LL CONTINUE HIJACKING YOUR TRUCKS... AND WE'LL SPLIT THE INSURANCE ON THEM! THEN I SELL THE STOLEN GASOLINE TO MR. BROWN... AND WE SPLIT AGAIN! IT'S A NATURAL! WHAT SAY?

MEANWHILE... AT THE EATON COMPANY... THE DUDE PAYS A CALL!

THE EATON COMPANY!! THEIR OFFICES ARE NEARBY!

FOR THAT I'M GOING TO... AHA! HERE COME MY OLD FRIENDS... BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL!!

UGH!

THIS IS MY ANSWER YOU MURDERING CROOK!

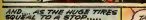


LOOK!

AAARRGGH!!

WHO TRIED
TO CATCH
YOU, MR.
EATON?THE... THE DUDE! HE
SAID HE WAS GOING
TO STRAIGHTEN MY
TIE!! AND... HE'S
COMING
BACK!A WHISPERED
CONSPIRACY...
AND THEN A
GREAT TRUCK
ROLLS TO THE
HIGHWAY.
BULLETMAN
DRIVES!NICE POOL-
PROOF
SCHEME
THE DUDE
TRIED TO
POWCE ON
MR. EATON!YES... AND
HE'D BETTER
DIG UP ANOTHER
POOL-PROOF
SCHEME WHEN
HE TRIES TO
STOP THIS
TRUCK!!

SUDDENLY!!!

BULLETMAN!
TWO MEN
ARE FIGHT-
ING ON
THE
ROAD!AND... AS THE HUGE TIRES
SQUEAL TO A STOP.....OOOHHH, BULLETMAN!
HE NEARLY
HIT HIM!TAKE
THAT
WEE-
GUY!!SLINKY! THE
DUDE'S SIDE-
KICK!!YEAH... AN
HERE'S WHERE
I START ANGRY
...WITH THEM!BUT A HUMAN BLIP
STREAKS FORWARD.
AND... AND...WATCH OUT,
BULLETMAN! THE
DUDE MAY BE
AROUND!

CRACK!

OOO OHN!

I AM AROUND...
PRESENTING
BULLETMAN WITH
THE FALLOUT'S DUMMAY
THAT I THREW
BENEATH THE
TRUCK. HA HA!

AHHH!



TWO SOUNDS // ONE THE BENDING OF METAL... AND THE OTHER A DESPAIRING CALL FOR HELP!

B-B-BULLETMAN!
EEEEKKKK!!

HAVE TO CUT THESE CORDS...
AND QUICK!!

AND SHORT SECONDS LATER!

NEED LEVERAGE FOR WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!

AT THAT MOMENT...
A FLOOR BELOW...

TH' DUDE TOLD ME TO STICK AROUND A WHILE TO MAKE SURE THEY DIED... AN' I GUESSED THEY DID! B-E-E-R! WYTA WAY TO GO!!

BUT... JUST THEN...

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SLEEKY AND... OH-OH! THAT'S BULLETGIRL!!

HA... I'M FALLING!

OHNO!

WHOA... LOOKS LIKE MY OLD PAL, SLEEKY!

I-TH-THANK YOU, BULLETMAN... IT WAS KIND OF STUFFY UP THERE!

IF I DON'T GET YOU AND SLEEKY AWAY BEFORE THE LANDSLIDE OF GRAM... IT'LL BE STUFFIER!





USER, AT THE POLICE STATION

HEY, JIM! YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE DARTS! THE DUDE USED THEM AND BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL CAPTURED HIM AND HIS BULL, SLIMMY! WHA-OH, I GUESS I'LL TELL HIM LATER



HERE'S NEWS!

FROM NOW ON,

BULLETMAN'S

OWN MAGAZINE WILL
APPEAR **EVERY MONTH**—
TWICE AS OFTEN AS BEFORE!

WATCH FOR

BULLETMAN#9

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND OCT. 16

BULLETMAN

THE FLYING DETECTIVE



HY-HEE AND LAUGHTER AT THE COUNTRY CLUB! THE FUTURE CLUB IS HAVING ITS ANNUAL PARTY! THEN, IN A FLASH, THE SCENE CHANGES FROM AMUSEMENT TO MURDER! IT RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! IT GOES YOUR TONGUE! IN THE ANCIENT WORDS THAT DROP FROM YOUR LIPS MAY BECOME THE DEATH INSTRUMENTS OF YOUR DOOM! IT'S A PICTURE OF HORROR STARRING THE BLACK SANDS AND BULLETMAN AND BULLETFIRE! BATTLE FOR THEIR VERY LIVES TO UNRAVEL THE SINISTER DR. DESTINY!!!

THE COUNTRY CLUB, WHERE THE EXECUTIVE FUTURE CLUB IS STAGING ITS ANNUAL PARTY!



ANN COLE, PRESIDENT OF THE FUTURE CLUB, INTRODUCES A GUEST...

AMATEUR AND BATES, MET
DR. F.D. TINES. MET
A. JONES, BORN. A. JONES
RVS GAZETTE SLAY
ROW 11

PLEASE TO ANSWER
HOW SATISFIED
AND HOW TO
MANAGEMENT

LET'S DRINK TO IT / THERE'S
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER
THAN A GOOD GAG /

WELL, HERE I
AM AT YOUR
EYE I HAVE
YOU HEARD THE
ONE ABOUT...

... AND THE TRAVELLING
SALAMAN SAID
82-2-2-2 82-2-2-1

MOM - WHAT ABOUT
 BOY, THAT'S RIGHT!
 WHAT A GOOD
 NO - NO - NO!

HA-HA-HA / BE SEEING YOU,
BOYS / I'M GOING OUT FOR
SOME FRESH AIR /

HO-HO-HO // BOO
I'VE BE HANGED IN
THAT WARD? THE
BEST YET!!

I'M DR. DESTINY
 DATES // YOU LINE
 0422 - 20 P
 BROUGHT YOU
 A VERY SPECIAL
 ONE

HA HA HA / THAT WAS
A GOOD ONE / BOY THERE'S
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER
THAN A GOOD GAG //

YOU'LL LOVE
THIS ONE
DATE: / /

1997-1998



COME ON, DAD AND JIM!
IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT AND
TIME WE WERE HOME //

JUST A SECOND! A
PHONE CALL THIS LATE
MUST BE URGENT //



WHAT? TWO MURDERS AT
THE FUTURE CLUB PARTY?
KILL EVERYBODY AND DON'T
TOUCH A THING! WE'LL BE
RIGHT OUT //



THIS WILL BE A HEADACHE!
THE FUTURE CLUB MEMBERS
ARE ALL SOCIETY
SNIFFS!

FUTURE CLUB
THAT'S AN
ODD NAME...



THIS IS AWFUL! BATES
ALWAYS SAID HE LIKED A
GOOD GAB - AND COLE'S
FAVORITE EXPRESSION
WAS "I'LL BE HANGED!"

WELL, HE SURE WAS!
AND BATES WAS
GASSED WITH A
SCARP THAT STRANDED
HIM! HELLO! WHAT'S
THIS?!



BUT A GOOD ONE! THEY
HAVE A HOBBY OF KILLING
DOZENS OF YOUNG MEN
AND WOMEN BUILT THE
RIGHT KIND OF FUTURE!

RIGHT NOW I'VE
HEARD THEY'VE
FINANCED A YOUNG
INVENTOR NAMED
BATES. HE RETURNED
FOR A HALF INTEREST
IN HIS INVENTION!



THEY EACH HAD ONE
OF THESE CALLING CARDS
ON THEM //



I WANT TO QUESTION THE
REST OF THE CLUB
MEMBERS...

WE'LL STAY OUT HERE,
DAD! YOU KNOW HOW
JIM IS ABOUT CRIME
AND VIOLENCE!!

JIM - BAK IF A SWELL LABORATORY
MAN SAYS SUCH A SILENT, HE'D PREFER
TO SEE A BARE FIST!!



2 "BULETMAN" KENT MIGHT DO THE PAINTING
IF HE KNEW THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT HIS
QUARTER AND "TOMMY" JIM SAYS...

WE CAN WATCH "TO-
CROOKER" FROM UP
HERE AND BE SET
FOR ACTION!

I WONDER IF...
BULETMAN!
LISTEN!!

I GOT YOUR VIBES,
JIM! I'VE THOUGHT THIS
IS A JOE FOR
BULETMAN AND
BULETGIRL?

DEFINITELY! THOSE CARDS
AND THAT STUNT AT TING
MURDER WITH SET EX-
PRESSIONS WOULD A
CRAFTY HAND GO ON
WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER!!



YOU'RE SAM JAMES,
SECRETARY OF
THE CLUB, EN?
GO ON!

WELL, AS I SAID,
HE TOLD THEM
JANE AND I
THOUGHT I'D BE
LAUGHING...

HEAR
THAT?



THAT PHRASE -
"THOUGHT I'D BE
LAUGHING"!!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S
THE KIND TWO DR.
BULETMAN WOULD PUT
TO TEST INTO AN
OTHER MURDER
SCHEME! COME ON...



MY TESTIMONY COMPLETED, AMES IS
PERMITTED TO ADORN THE LAUD!

THIS IS SNAGGLY-
HORRIBLE !!

STILL THEN YOU
COULD DIE LAUGHING,
AMES ... ?

... BECAUSE OF AN OVERDOSE
OF LAUGHING GAS WILL GIVE
YOU YOUR CHANCE RIGHT
NOW !!

TEN-TEN !!
YOU SHOULD
KNOW OF THE
NEW ANAESTHETIC,
DOCTOR ...



BULLETMAN'S
FIST !!

SOON HIM TO SLEEP
BULLETMAN!
I'LL SAVE AMES !!

THERE'S NOTHING
NICER THAN GOOD
BOOKS - IN THE
RIGHT PLACES !!

WHY, YOU ---
OO---PE !!



BULLETMAN,
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES ! BUT WHEN I GET
LOOSE, THAT KILLER'S
DESTINY WILL BE A
JES FOR A REAL
DOCTOR





SHE WAS RIGHT HERE!
AND NOW SHE'S
DISAPPEARED !!



BULLETMAN!
WHAT'S UP?

AN' DAT'S MY IDEA
OF A SMART IDEA !!

I LET DR. DESTINY GET
AWAY AND I'M AFRAID
HE'S SHATTERED
BULLETMAN! A
PETTY CROOK!
SHAKED BY MISTAKE
IS ALSO GONE!
I'M SHUFFING...

YOU MEAN YOU
SAW THIS DR.
DESTINY FACE
TO FACE?



YES, BUT WHO ARE
YOU & WHAT'S YOUR
INTEREST IN THIS?



THIS IS THE
FUTURE!
BULLETMAN!
IN Y.D. TIMES
HE WAS A
WITNESS...

I CAME TO SEE THE
FUTURE AND TO
FINANCE SOME SAC-
TERIAL RESEARCH!

I'M HALF-CRAZY
OVER **BULLETMAN'S**
CAPTURE. I WANT
TO KNOW HOW
SERIOUS IT IS.
ANY
MISTAKE IN THESE
ADVENTURES THE CLUB
WAS BACKING?



NO! THE ONLY
ONE WHO A MAN
WAS BACKING
AND HIS INVENTION
FLOPPED! HE
DIDN'T EVEN SHOW
UP TOMORROW!

WELL, BENTLEMAN-
HE'S DEAD IN
YOUR EYES! AND
LACK IN YOUR
MIND!

I'LL NEED
IT! I HAVE A
FEELING **BULLETMAN**
IS IN GREAT
DANGER!



BULLETMAN'S FEELING IS
RIGHT - FOR A SHORT TIME
AFTER HER CAPTURE

THIS FORGOTTEN HIDE-
CELLAR MAKES A
FINEST HEAD-QUARTERS
OF MEAT! AND A NICE,
PRIVATE! TONGUE!

YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED ONE
DR. DESTINY!



HA-NA! A FITTING
DESTINY FOR
BULLETMAN WOULD
BE A BULLET - AND YOU
GET ONE IF ANYONE
OPENS THIS DOOR!
THE DOOR PAGES THE
OWN ...

YOUR DESTINY
WILL BE A
LATE WITH A
REAL DOCTOR
WHEN
BULLETMAN
CATCHES YOU!







BULLETGIRL!!

BULLETMAN!
I HEAR HEARINGS!



THAT GUN-TRAP---
ARE YOU BUST?

ONLY MY FEELINGS!
I MANAGED TO
START MY CHAIR
ROCKING UNTIL
IT TIPPED OUT OF
LIVE WITH THE
GUN JUST AS
YOU SET IT OFF!
WHEN!!



YOU SAW BULLETHGIRL
CLOSE UP! COULD YOU
IDENTIFY HIM AS ONE
OF THE CLUB MEMBERS?

NOT ALL I
NOTICES WAS
HIS SCAR--DARK
AROUND HIS EYES
AND PALE ALONG
HIS JAW



DARK--DARK!
THAT'S IT!
BULLETGIRL
YOU'VE
GIVEN ME THE ANSWER!
COME ON..

I DON'T
GET IT!



WHERE ARE
WE GOING NOW?

TO THE CLUB
HOUSE TO STOP
ANOTHER HUNGER--
IF WE'RE IN TIME!!

WOW! BULLETMAN AND
BULLETGIRL! AT
THIS VERY MOMENT...

HOW ABOUT
ANOTHER BOTTLE-
TO CELEBRATE
BEING ALIVE!

SWELL! I
COULD USE A
SHOT OF POISON!

SHOT OF
POISON!
HA-HA! THAT'S
A GOOD ONE!



WELL, HERE'S
ONE IN YOUR...

QUICK!
SIP! THESE
GLASSES!

WOW!
WHAT...



OH, BETHANY, YOUR
KILLING DAYS ARE
OVER!

WHICH ONE ARE YOU
TALKING TO,
BULLETMAN?
TIMES OR
WILLIAM?



HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED?
BETHANY'S HERE!
IN YOUR MIND...

WOW! BULLETMAN!
BE CAREFUL...
I GET IT!
IT'S TIME FOR AN
ALARM ON
BETHANY!!



DO YOU BELIEVE IT!
BUT YOU'VE NEVER
TAKEN ME! I WON'T
GO TO PRISON! I'LL
KILL YOU...

TAK-TAK! THERE'S A
LITTLE MOTHER OF
BETHANY AND YOUR
PET PHASE, DOCTOR...





BULLETMAN NOTICED DR. DESTINY'S FOREHEAD WAS TANNED BUT NOT HIS CHEEKS - ON ACCOUNT OF THE PHONEY BEARD IF HE'S THE ONLY BEARDED MAN HERE!

H-HEY! THAT-THAT'S DENIS, THE INVENTOR WHO FAILED...



WHO KNOWS? HE PROBABLY THOUGHT EVERYONE WAS TOO DUMB TO SEE IT WAS AN AMERICAN - AND I ALMOST WAS!

NIGHT SANDY-WARRY!

I FIGURED AS MUCH! BUT I'LL GET YOU INTO HIS INVENTION AND A SUCCESS! NO WAS AS AMERICAN TO KEEP FROM SHARING ITS PROFITS WITH THE CLUB MEMBERS THAT BACKED HIM!

BUT WHY PICK AN OBVIOUS ALIAS LIKE THAT DR. D? THAT'S?



HEY! WAIT...



N NINE OR SO LATER, BACK AT THE POLICE LAB...

JIM WAS AFRAID OF VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED! HE PREFERRED THE PEACE AND QUIET OF HIS LAB-NATURAL!

HEY! NOW COME YOU TWO ARM OUT ON THAT CASE?



PEACE AND QUIET! SOME SAY, SO HELP ME, I'LL FIND THAT LICK-LICKED GUY! WHY CAN'T I HAVE A MAN LIKE BULLETMAN?



SEE MORE ADVENTURES OF BULLETMAN AND BULLETSWIRL EVERY MONTH IN MASTER COMICS!

HOME-FRONT HEROES!

NOT ALL THE HEROES OF THIS WAR WEAR UNIFORMS. There are Colin Kellys, Eddie O'Heras and Emmett O'Donnells on the home-front, too! And you'll find them in the nation's engineering laboratories, hard at work on some new and utterly fantastic weapon designed to spell doom for the Axis.

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